

FRIDAY-SATURDAY--THE CHILDREN'S PLAY

THE CARMELITE

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This Issue in Miniature

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**ANNIE LOUISE DAVID
IN CONCERT NEXT WEDNES-
DAY AT CARMEL PLAYHOUSE**

Carmel News

LONG AND SHORT VIEWS OF TOWN PLANNING

The City Council met on Tuesday evening before civic bodies during the past week and in its essentials the matter is back where it was before the city election.

The advisory board met on Monday, with thirteen members in attendance and after free discussion, recommended the use of block 69 for town hall and fire station purposes.

The City Council met on Tuesday evening and added the weight of its recommendation to that of the advisory board. Further action now awaits the return of City Attorney Argyll Campbell, at present vacationing. Rules of procedure necessitate first a plebiscite to permit use of block 69 for building purposes.

Councilman Jordan addressed the advisory board on the subject of plans for the town hall and also dealt with the question of the Murphy woodworking establishment. Mr. Jordan said he was given to understand that if the city would permit the consolidation of the two Murphy establishments in a fire-proof building to be erected on the Mission street property, the company would undertake to do away with the lumber yard, now on the premises. On motion of Fred Bechdolt, action was postponed until such a time as a representative of the Murphy interests might appear before the board or the Council with a concrete proposal.

The terms of reference for the advisory board on Monday evening also included the question of acquiring sites for park and playgrounds. Mr. Henry F. Dickinson brought to the attention of the board the rough plans of the proposal whereby the city might take over the Forest Theater property. Conditions of the assignment, it is understood, would include provision of two tennis courts and the continued availability of the theater proper for the annual summer productions.

Professor Preston W. Search, chairman of the board, recommended that discussion of playgrounds be deferred pending consideration of a twenty-year town planning program.

ART EXHIBIT

Arrangements are being completed today for the Carmel Art Association exhibit which opens at the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Saturday.

FATALITY ON BIG SUR ROAD

The treacherous curves of the serpentine road leading to the Big Sur claimed another life on Monday.

Severan Van Scarlett, nineteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel V. Scarlett, of Carmel Valley, was the victim, having been killed instantly when a car in which he was a passenger plunged over a precipice and fell one hundred and fifty feet.

Howard M. Severence, driver of the car, jumped from the falling car and was uninjured.

LIBRARY FINANCES

The financial report of the Harrison Memorial Library for the fiscal year ending June thirtieth has been issued by the Trustees.

Disbursements for the year totalled \$9,930.03, of which the major items were salaries, \$4,449.68 and books \$2,476.30.

A balance of \$4,279.43 was brought forward from 1929. Income derived from the library tax amounted to \$7,988.41.

The detailed report will be published in the next issue of The Carmelite.

DEPARTURE

Ernest Lyons, who has been associate editor of The Carmelite for some time, answered the call of the open road on Monday, travelling in accordance with a well-defined plan for acquiring experience, the newspaper man's principal stock in trade.

Whatever of editorial excellence there may have been in The Carmelite during recent months has been due in large measure to the sensitive insight of Ernest Lyons. His field is marked out for him; he has already sold material to some of the better magazines. There is nothing far-fetched in the prediction that he will go far.

CARMEL PISTOL CLUB

A meeting for the purpose of organizing a pistol club in Carmel was held on Sunday morning at the gravel pit which will be used as a range.

W. C. Tarr, expert marksman and candidate for sheriff, was elected chairman; E. van Auken, vice-chairman; Paul Funchess, secretary; Stewart Fackenthal, treasurer; and C. B. Tarr, range officer. The membership includes Dr. R. A. Kocher, F. L. Covington, A. P. Gibson, Earl Wermuth, B. W. Adams, Chas Guth, V. Williams, Ed Warner, Harry Geim, Teaby Nichols, C. L. Armstrong, C. L. Naves, Ray Sutton, Joe Machado, Vic Renslaw, Neil Twilegar and H. E. Anderson.

BENEFIT LECTURE

Dr. Roy Hidemichi Akagi, Japanese historian and lecturer will speak at Hotel La Playa on Sunday evening at eight-thirty, taking as his subject "Many Sided Japan." Dr. Akagi is the author of two standard reference works, "Japanese Civilization" and "Understanding Manchuria." He graduated from the University of California with honors in history, winning the Bryce Historical Essay Prize with an essay on "The History of State Division Movement in California." After a short visit to Japan, he entered the Graduate School of the University of Chicago, taking his Master's Degree in American History. His next year was spent at Harvard University as a Thayer Fellow in History, and the two succeeding years at the University of Pennsylvania as a Harrison Fellow in History. His thesis, "The Town Proprietors in New England Colonies," won his Ph.D.

There will be no admission charge for the Sunday evening lecture, but a collection will be taken. Dr. Akagi is waiving his usual lecture fee and the full amount contributed will be given to the Japanese Church of Christ, Monterey, to help defray the costs of their church building.

M. Motoyama, Japanese flutist will render selections during the evening. Patrons and patronesses for the lecture are the Rev. and Mrs. Austin B. Chinn, the Rev. and Mrs. T. Harold Grimshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Willard, Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Kuster, Mrs. W. I. Kingsland, Mrs. Vera Peck Millis, Mr. and Mrs. Ray de Yoe, Marie Gordon and Kissam Johnson.

COORDINATION OF GARDENING ACTIVITIES

The Peninsula Garden Club came into being on Tuesday evening at a meeting in the House of the Four Winds, Monterey. About sixty-five residents of the various peninsula communities were in attendance.

Mr. Dexter Rogers of Pacific Grove was elected president, Charles Marsh Brown, Monterey, vice-president; Mrs. Robert Anderson, Monterey, secretary; and Mr. C. R. Hecht of Pacific Grove, treasurer. A membership committee of four was appointed with Mrs. R. M. Eskil as Carmel representative.

Annual dues were fixed at one dollar. Meetings will be held on the third Tuesday of every month at the House of the Four Winds.

Gardeners joining before the next meeting will rank as charter members. An application for membership should be made to Mrs. Eskil.

AND NOW FOR THE CHILDREN'S PLAY

The land of make-believe, so close to the heart of Carmel, has provided the setting for some of the gayest, most glamorous productions on the Forest Theater stage. Those have been the children's plays—"Alice in Wonderland," "Snow White," "Peter Pan Smith," "Inchling," and "Mr. Bunt" are but a few of the many which leave in memory scenes of fantasy and drollery surpassing in imaginative quality a host of more serious dramas.

Genius has found a rare expression in the writing or adaption of each year's production; in Carmel, so ideal for children, the plays have become a seasonal institution, and this year, as before, there will be a children's play on the outdoor stage.

Blanche Tolmie, long connected with activities in the Forest Theater—she directed Rem Remsen's "Mr. Bunt" in 1924, and dramatized and produced "Pinocchio" last year—has written a colorful fantasy, "Over the Fairy Line." Weeks ago she began the task of assembling boys and girls for the parts. Willing hands have joined in the strenuous work of training over fifty small children; helpers gave fully of their time toward costumes, music and business details. Rehearsals were held first in the Sunset School playground, then on the stage of the theater itself.

And this Friday and Saturday, July eighteenth and nineteenth, the finished play will be presented. It will be a smooth and delightful performance both because of the natural charm of the young actors and the imaginative color of the play.

For two evenings Carmel will abandon its make-believe of shops and offices for the much more exciting unreality of a purely magical offering. Of all things here, the yearly children's play should receive the most generous support.

The program appears in this issue of The Carmelite; tickets are on sale at Lial's and at the corner booth, Ocean and Dolores.

BRIDGE TEA AT THE GIRL SCOUT HOUSE

A bridge tea sponsored by the Girl Scout Council, at which prizes will be given, will be held at the Girl Scout House, Sixth and Lincoln, Tuesday, July twenty-ninth, at two o'clock.

A special invitation is extended to summer residents. Tables will be made up for those who would like to come but who do not care to make up their own tables. The charge will be fifty cents per person. Reservations may be made by telephoning Carmel 741.

THE METABOLIC CLINIC

Staff appointments for the Grace Deere Velie Metabolic Clinic have been announced by Dr. R. A. Kocher, executive head of the clinic, as follows:

Medical Staff: Dr. Paul B. Hartley and Dr. Elmer Messner. Dr. Arthur Stockton, resident physician at Stanford Medical School, will join the Clinic later.

Reserve: Dr. Julian Wilke.

Dr. Hartley is a graduate of California and of the Northwestern Medical School. He was later associated with the University of Chicago Medical School, specializing in metabolic cases. Dr. Messner received his medical education at Stanford and at Breslau.

Superintendent: Kathleen Foley Taylor, formerly of the Ford Hospital, Detroit and later superintendent of the county hospital at San Luis Obispo.

Laboratory Technician: Mrs. Ruth Christianson.

Roentgenologists: Dr. Frederick Rodenbaugh and Dr. Irving Ingher, both of San Francisco.

Dietitian: Miss Helen Bishop, formerly of the Scripps Metabolic Clinic, La Jolla.

Opening of the clinic is planned for the first of August.

NEWS BREVITIES

John B. Jordan, of Pine Inn, will be host to Governor C. C. Young on Saturday when the state executive visits the peninsula for the first time in the course of the present campaign. The governor will be guest of honor at a dinner to be given Saturday evening at Hotel San Carlos, Monterey. Reservations may be made through the San Carlos, Pine Inn or Highlands Inn.

The fire department was called to Twelfth and Camino Sunday afternoon to extinguish a blaze in the home of Mrs. Lola Sayers. The loss is said to approximate twelve hundred dollars. Rapid work by the department saved the structure from more serious damage.

The Federated Missionary Society of Carmel will hold its monthly meeting at two-thirty Wednesday afternoon, July twenty-third, at the Parish House of All Saints Church. A playlet will be given by a group of ladies from Pacific Grove, and the Misses Pierce, visitors from Alabama, will sing "spirituals." Miss Mary Barnes will tell of the accomplishments of the missionary conference at Asilomar. The public is invited to attend.

A FUNNY MAN TURNS SERIOUS

BY MYRTOKLEIA CHILDE

When the Funny Man comes to Carmel to get away from being funny it gives the landscape a serious turn. That's what happened when Ford Sterling and Aloyse Rieth, the painter, arrived here to stay over the week-end at the La Ribera. They were traveling about California catching bits of rural and out of the way atmosphere in a beautifully equipped camera. Ford Sterling is internationally known for his camera studies as well as his funny antics in motion pictures. I cornered them at Edward Weston's where Weston and Sterling were taking turns "shooting" one another. Having met the comedian over ten years ago in Los Angeles I hoped he would remember me. He made a stab at it and was kind enough to say he did.

"How long are you going to stay?" I asked.

"We don't know," they answered in chorus.

"See Esther out there," said Ford, pointing to a car bearing his first name, "she'll go anywhere and beat my Lincoln any day."

Weston and Sterling were discussing the technical end of cameras and lenses. Shutters and ground glass were flying through the atmosphere in a verbal manner while I discussed things in general with Mr. Rieth.

"Carmel is fine," he observed, "I noticed it by the hands and heads of the people I saw. Always look at the hands and heads. The heads have it and the hands do it."

Mr. Rieth has studied art in nearly every country in Europe and claims to be doing nothing at present. He and Ford Sterling are building a house about eighty miles down the coast near Morro Bay. They are very much interested in an old deserted village in the same vicinity which is over a hundred years old. He inquired about property values here with the view toward building a studio. In the mean time Ford Sterling had inveigled Edward Weston to open an old package of pictures which he took in Mexico. I never saw so much enthusiasm and interested in camera studies as Sterling exhibited.

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ON THE MUSICAL HORIZON
IN EUROPE

By DORA HAGEMEYER

The Henry Cowell lecture-recitals at the Denny-Watrous Gallery are being unusually well attended. The audiences have been warmly appreciative and responsive.

The first lecture, which was on Russian music, gave a colorful panorama of Mr. Cowell's visit to the land of the Soviets.

LECTURE

HOTEL LA PLAYA

SUNDAY, JULY 20 AT 8:30 P.M.

ROY HIDEMICHI AKAGI, PH. D.

Japanese Lecturer-Historian
Author of "Japanese Civilization"

Speaking on

"MANY-SIDED JAPAN"

Benefit Japanese Mission of Monterey

No Admission Charge

Whether it was due to his exquisite sense of humor or to his unfailing observation of essential happenings, this lecture was wholly delightful. Mr. Cowell told of being invited to Russia by the consul whom he met in London. It seems that it is one of the duties of Russian consuls to find interesting and original artists and invite them to Russia.

The experience of getting from Berlin to Moscow—of being embarrassed by a private car and then further embarrassed by not being met at the station, was told with characteristic wit. But it was not long before a concert was arranged before the Conservatory of Music, which is the largest institution of its kind in Europe. It has a faculty of five hundred and fifty members and a student body of eleven thousand. The concert was held in a great hall which seats thirty-five hundred people, and was timed for four o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Cowell told how his audience made him repeat his numbers over and over and over again. Intense interest was aroused by this new departure in music. By the time the concert was over, it was a quarter to eight and it was only because the hall had to be cleared for an evening performance that they let him go. This great enthusiasm for originality and its spontaneous expression seems to be typically Russian. The first response from the vast audience was "an

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awful uproar like the Niagara Falls or a touch-down, or both."

The quality of music written by the students of the Moscow Conservatory is very fine, but it is conservative and academic. There seems to be very little that is modern in the American sense of the term. The only place where Mr. Cowell found something approaching an entirely new spirit was in the spontaneous *commedia*—like gatherings of workers, where the drama was improvised to a musical accompaniment. The accompaniments were played on decrepit pianos whose imperfections were consciously used to add a certain new and surprising quality to the music.

In listening to Mr. Cowell's report of the musical situation in Russia, one felt it to be much the reverse of the situation in America. In Russia, the music presented is for the most part conservative, and the audience keenly alive and vital, whereas in America the music is often extremely modern and vital and the audience often apathetic and unappreciative.

After the first concert, Mr. Cowell played "Æolian Harp," "Advertisement," "Domnu, Mother of Waters," and "Exultation."

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The second recital on Monday last had as its subject "European Modern Music." Mr. Cowell said that the most pronounced influences have been Schoenberg and Stravinsky. He compared them with a keen understanding of their far-reaching effects and the divergent impulses which animate them.

He felt that these two composers are the flowering, as it were, of two distinct growths. Stravinsky wrote impetuous, impulsive, *primaevial* sort of music, more readily understood by his public, whereas Schoenberg was more abstract and demanded a certain effort from his hearers. Stravinsky's effects were dynamic and immediate, and Schoenberg was in the first place very familiar with his material and in the second place developed this material beyond the reach of the ordinary hearer.

In spirit, the contrast was between a tuneful and catching type of music, easily received, as in Stravinsky, and contrapuntal, grim, abstract music, demanding energy in the hearer, as in Schoenberg.

Mr. Cowell gave a short analysis of such composers as Debussy, Hindemuth, Eric Satie and others, and finished the evening by playing several of his own compositions, which were received with the warm enthusiasm which he seems to draw so naturally from his audience.



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STUDENTS \$1.00



EVA GRUNINGER ATKINSON

WEDNESDAY MORNING RECITAL SERIES

The perpetuation of the summer morning concerts, so successfully inaugurated last year by Marie Gordon, is assured. An executive committee, headed by Mrs. Gordon, with Thomas Vincent Cator and Edward Kuster assisting has taken over responsibility not only for making an annual affair of this concert series, but making it the outstanding musical event of the Peninsula during the summer season. As before, the programs will be given at eleven o'clock on Wednesday mornings for six successive weeks. The place will be the improved Carmel Playhouse. Tea will be served under the trees after the concerts, as well as luncheon for those who wish it. A representative list of fifty patrons and a fine list of artists already assure the success of this year's series.

The first recital, that of the distinguished harpist, Annie Louise David, will be given next Wednesday morning, July twenty-third. Tickets for the series, at the same price as last year, are obtainable at Lial's Music Shop.

As formerly, the series will be known as that of the Wednesday Morning Music Club of Carmel. Other artists appearing this year are Lawrence Strauss, a long-time favorite of Carmel; Olin Downes, music critic of the New York "Times," whose lectures have been the sensation of Los Angeles and San Francisco; Charles Cooper, pianist, once a sojourner here, and long the head of the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, from which he has retired in order to devote himself exclusively to concert work; Eva Gruninger Atkinson, contralto, a concert artist of distinction; Frederick Preston Search, cellist, and Arthur Conradi, violinist, well-known to the Peninsula; and Allan Bier, pianist, in joint

recital with Willette Allen, danseuse.

Following the precedent so successfully established last summer, these morning recitals will be marked by an absence of formality and pretentiousness, a feature which will doubtless be emphasized by the *al fresco* tea and luncheon available after the programs.

HALLDIS STABELL ON CORRECT POSTURE

Tuesday evening, July twenty-second, at eight-thirty, Halldis Stabell will give a talk on correct posture in the Denny-Watrous Gallery. This talk is free to all of those interested in coming. Miss Stabell invites them in to hear her presentation of the secret of body mechanics.

Halldis Stabell, a Norwegian by birth, was graduated as Director of Gymnastics in 1910 from Teitman's Institute in Copenhagen, in 1912, from the institute of Gymnastics of Dr. Bess Mesendieck, M. D. in Berlin, and in 1920-21 she studied further at Dr. Rudolph Steiner's College in Dornach, Switzerland. Miss Stabell has taught physical education in Paris, Berlin, Copenhagen and Budapest, and has spent ten years lecturing and teaching in her own country, with her own institutes in Oslo and Stockholm. There, and in this country too, she is recognized as an authority on her subject of scientific-asthetic physical

education. She has talked before the County Medical Society of San Francisco, at Lane Hospital, University of California at Berkeley and at Los Angeles, Mills Collage, and before such clubs and associations as the Women's Athletic Club in Oakland.

Halldis Stabell comes to her audience with no ordinary equipment. Solid grounding in her subject one takes for granted. Add to that the broad vision of the student and author, and the point of view of one who has seen much and proved her way. Miss Stabell has studied the technique of bodily movements from the day of the Greeks up to today. She takes into account the contributions of Isadora Duncan, Jacques Dalcroze, Rudolph von Laban, Mary Wigman, and applies the whole to one's daily walking, sitting, and going about. She sums the matter up in "correct posture," and it is to this essence of Kant's "ability to show lightness without visible effort" that she invites the public to hear about on Tuesday.

MOTORING: By the hour or trip. Seventeen-Mile Drive, Point Lobos, Fifty-Mile Drive, Santa Cruz. Also motoring soon to Portland and will have accommodations for three ladies. Packard car. For particulars, telephone 767-J. Miss Marjory Pegram.

SECOND SEASON WEDNESDAY MORNING RECITALS

ANNIE LOUISE DAVID
Harpist

EVA GRUNINGER ATKINSON
Grand Opera Contralto

LAWRENCE STRAUSS
Tenor

OLIN DOWNES
Critic and Lecturer

CHARLES COOPER
Pianist

FREDERIC P. SEARCH
Cellist

ARTHUR CONRADI
Violinist

ALLEN BIER
Pianist

WILLETTE ALLEN
Dansuese

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PROGRAM OF THE CHILDREN'S PLAY**"OVER THE FAIRY LINE"***A fairy fantasy**Written and directed*by **BLANCHE TOLMIE****CHARACTERS**
*in the order of their appearance***PROLOGUE—**

Gale Johnson

Judy Woodward

Chief Tree Fairy

Fairy Lookout

Bettina

Squirrel

Paula Schrapps

Earl Dorrance

Dorothy Woodward

Max Hagemeyer

Frog Reporters—

Marie De Amaral

Betty Dobrzensky

Camera Man

Ronnie

Pro

Con

Topsy Turvy

Patty Coblentz

Walter Nelson

Margaret Dorrance

Mingdon Sheets

Phyllis Mitchell

Linemen—

Harry Nelson

Robert Harris

Jack Boardman

Bobby Frolli

Stacy Dobrzensky

Billy Frolli

Carl Harris

Trees—

Patty Coblentz

Martha Millis

Jean May

June Lewis

Betty Dobrzensky

Jean Crouch

Dale Coburn

Billy Coburn

Betty Jean Peck

Olla Osborne

Orchestra—

Leader

Harry Nelson

Stacey Dobrensky

Bobby Farley

Raymond Brown

Jack Boardman

Homer Levinson

Fairy Foreman

Assistant Foreman

Messenger

Billy Coburn

Jean Crouch

Carl Harris

Attendants—

Bradley Quinn

Juanita Baker

Memory

Martha Millis

Stars, Fairies, Gnomes—

June Lewis

Jean May

Charlotte May

Adaline Guth

Barbara Lindstrum

Dorothy DeAmaral

Geraldine Spratt

Kathryn Quinn

Avaline Quinn

Mary Lee Nelson

Bunny Townsend

Patty Ryland

Laurel Bixler

Jean Myers

Jane Haskell

Betty Haskell

Lila Whittaker

Ann Millis

Marjory Beardman

Georgina Derupp

Baird Bardarson

Howard Levinson

Gordon Ezig

Stanley Ewig

Solo Dancers—

Judy Woodward

Joan Bailey

Greta Schuyler

Camile Burnham

Soloist

Ruth Thurman

Books

A CARMEL NOVEL OF THE WEST TODAY

THE FORBIDDEN RANGE, by JAMES FRENCH DORRANCE. New York: Macaulay Co.; Carmel: Seven Arts. Reviewed by "LEE SAGE," Author of "The Last Rustler"

If vivid entertainment while reading—and the added satisfaction of having discovered something to think back upon after the book has been closed are selling points for a story—"The Forbidden Range," by James French Dorrance (of Carmel) should top the best sellers for adventure yarns of the modern West.

Unlike most "Westerns," the hero hails from Washington, D. C., and while some native punchers might question a tenderfoot's mastery of the lariat with the first twirlings—Tommy Cravens emerges a man of character—truly a lovable one with the reader's unreserved indulgence for his consuming love for the bewitching, courageous "Cinders" Sanderson.

The story gathers body as Thomas Cravens drives through on his secret mission and finds himself caught up in the intrigue of the "blue death," a form of mountain fever—sometimes designated as "tick fever." He is assigned to the conquest of it by the United States Public Health Service.

The locale of the story is fascinating—the breath-taking episode in Death Gulch is most unusual and powerfully done. One wishes to know more of its strange history. It is remarkable that more has not been written about one of America's great national parks and the author is to be congratulated upon so convincingly setting his tale in action where the lure and lore of this beauty spot is so universally beloved. One gets the impression that the author has been on the ground and is stung with impatience to visit the land of "The Forbidden Range." Can successful writing do more?

The tale is hooked up logically with the history of the Yellowstone National Park country and reveals a few of the handicaps that the Spreadeagles had to work under. The conflict necessary to a successful love interest is built around the perils that stalked Tommy Cravens from the instant he offered himself as "substitute cowpuncher" for the Circle S outfit in Hellroarin' Valley.

It is too fine a yarn to spy on—rather let the reader walk unsuspecting into its thrilling adventures—totally unprepar-

ed for the turns that circumstance and obstinence offer the valiant hero. The interest is well sustained to the end though the villain—but that's just it—ssh! It's far more interesting to know that the villain is illustriously deserving of his name and mission—and then let the reader discover for himself the author's unusual disposal of the wretch. As to the two imps—the twin sisters of Cyndor Sanderson—their nicknames, "Night" and "Sunup," suggest the range of their rollicking mirth which runs the full gamut of each twenty-four hours. Robert Sanderson, the father, is well drawn.

The foolish fable that true love never runs smoothly loses much of its foolishness in this charming love story and pricks the reader to a greedy pursuit of the very last word of the book—and, as before suggested, leaves him to close the book grateful to James French Dorrance or letting him in on the impelling drama of "The Forbidden Range" and some of its intriguing secrets.

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THE UNIVERSE AROUND US, by SIR JAMES JEAN. New York: The Macmillan Company; Carmel: Harrison Memorial Library.

Three hundred and thirty years ago, when the Church was the temporal ruler of the world, Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake. He had written:

"It has seemed to me unworthy of the divine goodness and power to create a finite world; so that I have declared that there are endless particular worlds similar to this of the earth; with Pythagoras I regard it as a star, and similar to it are the moon, the planets and other stars, which are finite in number, and all these bodies are worlds."

Before him, Copernicus had stared at the sky; Galileo came to make it clear that Aristotle, Ptolemy and the majority of those who had thought about these things in the last two thousand years been utterly and hopelessly wrong—until he caught so clear a sight of the stake himself that he denied all he had said.

Even today, modern science treads carefully on the questions of human existence and human destiny; in this absorbing book on the structure of space, Professor Jeans, one of the world's foremost mathematicians and astronomers, gives various premises as to life itself, calling it "a mere accident . . . a disease which affects matter in its old age . . .

or, perhaps, the only reality, which creates, instead of being created by, the colossal masses of the stars and nebulae. Again, it is not for the astronomer to select between these alternative guesses; his task is done when he has delivered his message of astronomy."

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Correspondence

TOO MUCH TERRITORY

Dear Mr. Editor,

In the last issue—July tenth—The Carmelite, which reprints an article by me on Photography, you have, through a slight typographical error, endowed me with prophetic power beyond all claim. See the second column next to the last paragraph: my original read, "Photography has or will eventually negate *much* painting." Imagine my distress (and amusement) to find the "*much*" omitted!

Now I understand there are many painters in Carmel, though where they hang out is a mystery, and I think for the benefit of tourists several should be rented out and placed on Ocean Avenue with all their trimmings to give a little atmosphere, augment nature. So being peacefully inclined, I cannot face the dirty looks, frozen stares, or worse, which I would meet on morning walks to the P. O. or around the cracker-barrel at Denny-Watrous.

Why! I recall offhand, four painters on this peninsula, which is a large per cent of excellence for a small community, to whom this statement (as you quoted me) could not possibly apply.

Correct this error, thereby putting me back into my former humble status as a worker—not an art critic—

And oblige,

EDWARD WESTON

THE CARMELITE

Official Newspaper of the
City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

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J. A. COUGHLIN Editor and Publisher

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STANLEY WOOD

The views expressed in signed contributions appearing in The Carmelite should be taken as those of the individual contributors, not necessarily in agreement with the opinions of the Editor.

A NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL IN CARMEL VALLEY

Ten Greater Boston boys and girls crossed the continent last September in the company of two educational pioneers from old New England to hold an eastern school on a western ranch in California—the Carmel Valley Ranch School. And now, after nine months of tramping and riding over the mountainous slopes of California, after nine months of living and studying in the outdoors, these children have returned to their New England homes, with sun-tanned cheeks, funds of tales to be told, a wealth of active experiences, such as come to few boys and girls of their age, to be lived again in the re-telling to their mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers and friends.

How many ten- to fourteen-year-olds—indeed, how many adults—can relate an experience as thrilling as a ten-day pack trip through the National Reserve Forests with an Indian guide—climbing Santa Lucia peak, the highest in the Santa Lucia range, to look down on the last Indian settlement which has not become converted.

These Carmel Valley pupils can tell you of the San Antonio Indians, only a few of whom speak English at all and who still live by the hunt, trading furs and skins at the nearest village for the necessary provisions for the settlement.

In 1926, Miss Helen L. Lisle, conducting the Brush Hill School in Milton, Mass., and Miss Celinea Wells, her associate, went to California for the first time to establish in Carmel Valley a western ranch school. That these two young women have done it successfully is proved by the fact that this year five of their students are entering the second form of Milton Academy, Brooks School and Lenox School. Each year the school has grown and the enrollment has already reached its limited capacity.

A New England farmhouse has grown up to grace the western hills of Carmel Valley and to provide pleasant living conditions and adequate classroom facilities. But the chief classroom of the school is bounded on the north, south, east and west by mountains, the turf below and the sky above.

The children learn by doing. In their daily program they acquire habits of living that are not taught by the formal methods of education. Each child has a horse for whose care he is responsible each day. He knows that as soon as his units of work for the morning are accomplished that he is ready to care for his horse or to work at some other activity on the ranch.

Group discussions replace general con-

versations at meal times—spelling and arithmetic at breakfast, current events, geography or perhaps history at noon, and throughout the supper hour the French tongue is used.

Transplanted from their native heath, these children take a live interest in all their work. Art and music are not just lessons to them; rather, they are play—play in which the players take such keen interest that the results are almost unbelievable.

With a wealth of subjects for landscape painting, they work under a Carmel artist on out-of-door sketching. First they work only in charcoal and as fast as they progress, they take up the color work in oils.

Each child has a stringed instrument, such as a mandolin or a guitar, and each learns to read music. Every pupil plays the piano. Everyone plays some musical instrument in the orchestra. Everyone has produced at least one musical composition.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

OUTDOOR CONCERTS AT HILSBOROUGH

The fourth of the open-air summer concerts in the Woodland Theatre at Hillsborough next Sunday afternoon will bring the brilliant young conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Dr. Arthur Rodzinski, who will be the guest conductor with the summer orchestra.

Ample variety is promised in the program which will be presented. Four compositions by as many different composers are listed for Sunday afternoon. Of unusual interest will be two numbers which Dr. Rodzinski included in his first program last fall when he took over the leadership of the Los Angeles orchestra. The Bach Toccata and Fugue, the opening number, is an unquestioned *tour de force*. It is fashioned to reveal the fullest powers of both orchestra and conductor, and seems more like a modern skyscraper in its musical architecture than a composition of the Bach period. Although by some it may be considered an orchestral bombast, nevertheless it is full of showy grandeur that fascinates. Debussy's two nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivals" also to be in Sunday's Woodland program, have been given with much success in Los Angeles. Further variety will be added to the program by one of the Strauss waltzes, "Tales of the Vienna Woods."

The concert management reports that advance reservations for Sunday's concert have been made by a number of music patrons of Carmel and Monterey who plan journeying to Hillsborough to greet Dr. Rodzinski, whom they know personally.

The Theatre

AMATEURS IN THE SOUTH

By OLIVER M. GALE, JR.

Feeling that it was discreet to be absent from Carmel at the publication of the last Carmelite, I ran down to Los Angeles for a few days. I had the rare good fortune to be there at a time when Irving Pichel was producing "Saint Joan" in Santa Barbara.

This play has always interested me. Written just after the war, it shows an entirely new Shaw from that of pre-war days—a gentler, more tolerant Shaw. He had been preaching the destructive ideas Nietzsche; the war put these ideas to the test and he found that the old idealism was as strong as ever. It was a sobering experience. The red-bearded Mephistopheles of before the war has become a snowy-bearded Santa Claus.

Saint Joan is, if anything, more difficult to play than most of Shaw. The role of Joan is a very subtle and delicate one. Mr. Pichel was fortunate in having Violette Wilson, who has worked with him for several years in Pasadena as well as Santa Barbara. She played the part extremely well, with understanding and ability. Some of the other parts were less happily filled, but all were adequate, and with the leading role so splendidly done, the play was successful.

Chief interest, however, lay in the production end. There are six changes of scene, making simplicity desirable. Irving Pichel and Malcolm Thurburn achieved this by using settings that were symbolic but at the same time realistically effective. The play is based on the figure of Joan, a young girl with great common sense and self-confidence. She is not a military leader, but she sees more clearly than do the lieutenants and generals; she is not a priestess, but she sees God more clearly than the priests who are influenced by church ritual and politics. Belonging to neither of these great factions, she yet performs the functions of both, and with more success than they themselves have done it. By finding within herself all the powers that these institutions claim exclusively, and by applying her discovery to nations as well as to individuals, she unconsciously strikes at the very existence of both these great rival institutions and makes her own destruction inevitable. The Santa Barbara production symbolizes these two forces by their respective heraldry. Throughout the play these banners constitute the setting, opposed to each other in many ways but finally united in their opposition to the idea that takes body in Joan.

Some beautiful effects are achieved—as in the sixth scene, the trial of Joan. The setting is lugubrious, with large black banners and hooded monks. As soon as Joan has recalled her confession to heresy and has torn the written expression of this recantation, making her doom quite evident, a series of red banners are carried, at wide intervals, about the back of the stage, the bearers hidden from sight so that only the bright blood-red may be seen sweeping past the black banners of the church.

Aside from this there is no scenery. Merely plain drapes, given color by means of the lights, and a few steps, by which a nice effect is frequently gained. Thus Joan makes her first entrance at the top of some steps, and in the second scene passes up and down stairs amid the colorful courtiers, seeking the true dauphin.

The production is a notable one. It shows the Little Theatre giving worthwhile plays and bringing to them original thought and arriving at constructive effects. It is through such productions that the Little Theatre performs its true function and shows itself worthy of the support of all true playgoers.

§ §

AN OUTSIDE OPINION ON CARMEL PRODUCTIONS

Ben Legere, actor and dramatic critic, who will be remembered for his reading of "Spreading Eagle" at Carmel Playhouse several months ago, writes in the "Wasp-News Letter" (San Francisco):—

Fourth of July week-end found me in Carmel combining the business of being a critic with the pretense of pleasure-seeking. Carmel proved to be no place to go to escape the lure of the theatre, but I did find most refreshing diversion from the dull routine of San Francisco's Midway. I caught Carmel celebrating with five nights of really thrilling theatre stuff. Two American premieres of very unusual plays were acted on alternate nights at Edward Kuster's Carmel Playhouse, now the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough, and at the outdoor Forest Theater, which is celebrating its twentieth season this summer.

* * *

"The Thripny Opera" goes down in my records as one of the best shows I've ever seen produced by any amateur group. Carmel has a lot of Thespian talent in its permanent population, to say nothing of the transient talent constantly attracted there. Many retired or resting professionals are always on hand to strengthen with their experience the casts of the summer productions. The two plays of last week-end with some thirty-five principals and more than a

hundred extras still left a large number of well-known players scattered among the audience. During an intermission I noticed what seemed like a reunion of the Moroni Olsen Players and also very much in evidence were Frank Sheridan and George Ball.

Edward Kuster has every reason to be proud of his achievement in bringing "Die Dreigroschenoper" to the American stage. It is great theatre. I have never seen anything quite like it. Constructed with a Prelude and eight briskly moving scenes, played against backgrounds modernistic in design and most effectively lighted, sprinkled liberally with songs and music unusually entertaining, it presented as a whole as bizarre and colorful stuff as I have ever seen on the stage.

Morris Ankrum had the job of stage directing and it was a difficult job accomplished in a masterful manner. He also played the leading role of Captain MacHeath and splendidly performed an original and intricate feat of interpretation.

* * * The theatrical effect of the procession of beggars that brought that scene to a close will live long in the memory of all who saw it. The effect was carried over the intermission to the opening of the eighth scene where the mob is discovered behind the bars of Old Bailey done with one of those Reuben Mamoulion effects of light and shadow and eloquent hands. Ankrum and Kuster can take a lot of credit for such theatre stuff as that and it is too bad it cannot be seen here in San Francisco.

There were a number of excellent performances besides that of Ankrum in "The Thripny Opera," outstanding among them being those of Kuster, Ruth Marion Poor, B. F. Dixon, Mary Louise Quevli, Oliver Marble Gale, Jr., Chas. McGrath, John Gillingham, Fritz Wurzmann and Amelie Nichols. Billie McConnell, playing one of the women of Turnbridge, contributed a dance that added much to the gayety of the occasion.

Kuster's Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough promises to be as near an approach to a genuine "art theatre" with an untrammelled policy as may be found on the Pacific Coast. He intends to produce things that he thinks should get a hearing and may not be done by the commercial theatre quite regardless of any consideration except their significance and art interest.

* * *

Primitive Indian drama provided a fitting vehicle for the atmosphere of Carmel's open-air temple of Thespis, the

(Continued overleaf)

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The Theatre---continued

Forest Theater. "The God of Gods," a tragic drama in three acts, by Carroll Aikins, was presented there on July fourth and sixth. The memorable feature of that production will unquestionably be the settings designed and executed by Elliott Durham (with a lot of co-operation, no doubt, in the execution, since the settings had the massiveness of motion picture sets built on location).

Durham's two scenes, depicting a forest glade and a rocky canyon nook with a waterfall, a cave and the altar of the god, constituted as fine a blending of artificial scenery with a natural background in an open-air theatre as I have ever seen. The setting quite overshadowed the play.

Though it had a lot to commend it in idea and lines, "The God of Gods" was decidedly weak dramatically. It never succeeded in moving me emotionally although it was very well acted in its principal parts. The stuff of moving drama that reaches up to tragic heights was not in it. Its lines often made me feel that it should have been done in the satiric spirit with which Shaw or Sherwood have treated historical themes. I really got a lot of laughs out of the old priestess exposing the belly materialism of the primitive religion that furnished motivity for the play. Her coaching of the neophyte in the proper handling of the god when he got drunk and the picture of Aimee Semple McPherson's "old-time religion" stripped to its raw fundamentals should have filled the forest with hearty laughter, but I had to choke mine down, for the Carmel audience seemed either too cold or too reverent to enjoy the humorous touches of the tragedy. I shall always contend that "The God of Gods" would have been

great stuff if turned into Shavian satire. And its beauty would have been enhanced as well, for what beauty there was in it was generally lost in the heaviness of its tragic effort.

Byron K. Foulger directed skilfully and "Lee Sage," who led the Indian mob in the mass movements and did a solo dance scored a hit. Dorothy Adams and Gordon Nelson in the leads read their lines very well indeed, but the author did not give them much chance to do any really important acting. The acting laurels were quite carried off by Louise Walcott as the old priestess and it was a shame that the audience did not allow itself enough latitude to laugh heartily at the excellent characterization she gave.

ANOTHER ECHO OF "THE THIRIP'NY OPERA"

To the Editor of The Carmelite:

May I add a post review of the recent "Thrip'ny Opera" performance? Your new reviewer quite ignored the very excellent performance of two of the principals deserving of more than a casual commendation. Mary Marble Henderson as Lucy, while possibly too attractive for the role, gave an excellent impersonation and John Gillingham gave a most amusing performance of a part that could easily have been rendered nil by over-acting.

To Charles McGrath much credit is due for much of the comedy; also Mr. Dixon and Miss Nichols.

Mr. Gale to the contrary, there is a distinct credit due amateur efforts as compared to professionals. The former lay aside their home and business affairs and zealously strive to give of their time and talents, with no ulterior motive other than a desire to be of service to the community as a whole—and by so doing are entitled to at least a word of appreciation from the local press.

THE ACTOR'S STATUS

Irving Pichel, director of the Santa Barbara Players, in addressing the first graduating class of the School of the Theatre at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, declared that acting was the "most important profession" because it dealt with the interpreting of the heart of mankind to man.

Graduating from the school were thirteen students, including one from Maine, one from Virginia and one from Nebraska.

As announced in last week's issue of The Carmelite, Morris Ankrum, now associated with Edward Kuster, will join the staff of the Pasadena School in September.

baked delicacies to add the finishing touches to the menu . . .

CARMEL BAKERY

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Carmel

Asilomar Notes

By GAIL I. ANDREWS

The Missionary Education Movement, which closes its Asilomar conference today, has accomplished a great deal toward the spreading of the new idea in missionary work, that of missionary education. The aim of the new plan is to educate the public to the conditions of the countries that form the many mission fields. By this method the M. E. M. hopes to create a keener feeling of friendship through international understanding. It is also much easier to give money to help people that one knows about than to part with it for total strangers. That is why the delegates to this Asilomar conference will go back to their respective churches carrying with them the stories of India and the Caribbeans from having heard about them in the classes and from the most interesting missionaries who spoke during the Vesper hours. The new aim of M. E. M. is to "make friendship the only cement that will hold the world together."

LUTHERAN INSTITUTE

The California Lutheran Bible Institute opens today at Asilomar. This institute is under the auspices of the Norwegian and Swedish Luther Leagues and the Bible School Committee of the Pacific district of the United Danish Evangelical Lutheran Church. Delegates from all parts of the state are registering for this conference, the fourth of the Asilomar season.

NATIONALITIES

Whenever the subject of international friendship is brought up, the people who say they have no prejudice against other nationalities are usually smiled upon and their words "taken with a grain of salt." We are all from Missouri in a certain sense and "Prove It" is almost a national anthem with us. With this in mind, we cite the conferences at Asilomar as concrete examples of proven friendship among nationalities. So far this summer there have been four conferences and the National Training School at Asilomar. The national origins represented at one or more of these conferences were:

Chinese, Japanese, Indian, American Indian, Chilean, Esquimo, French, Italian, Spanish, Austrian, German, Irish, Australian, Negro, Hawaiian and Filipino. Most of these people were American-born, but nevertheless they represent different types and the harmony of the Asilomar conferences is testimonial that

there can be harmony between nationalities.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

One of the interesting facts brought out at the conference was a matter of dignity. It concerns Porto Rico, alias Puerto Rico. Although it may seem insignificant to us, it is a matter close to the hearts of the Puerto Ricans. When this island was taken over by the United States, its official name was Porto Rico. However, the people are a very proud group and they represent the combination of a Latin and a Spanish name. They felt that they were thoroughbreds and as such were entitled to a name whose pedigree could be traced. Therefore, they made the request that the United States change the spelling of their name. Uncle Sam was willing to change it to please the dignity of the islanders and so by a resolution passed by the Senate the official spelling became Puerto Rico.

"THE BYSTANDER"

It has been quite a stretch since I've enjoyed a magazine as much as I have "The Bystander," an Oakland publication recently launched. It doesn't tire one's thumbs to hold; it doesn't tire one's brain to read; it doesn't tire one's patience forced—it is nearer real wit than tience with drivel.

The satire that seeps through each page you'll find nowadays in type, barring a few publications like "The New Yorker."

"The Bystander" handles national politics with no mean lance, and brews some real laughs out of that well-worn butt for the punster—Prohibition.

I'm sure of a nice evening with my pipe, a couple of times a month, as long as "The Bystander" issues numbers like the P. S.

CARMEL SANITARY DISTRICT

Carmel-by-the-Sea, California
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Carmel Sanitary District, of the County of Monterey and State of California, will sit as a Board of Equalization in the office of said District on Ocean Avenue at Monte Verde, at the hour of 7:30 P. M., on Saturday, July 19, 1930, for the purpose of considering all complaints in reference to the assessment of taxes on the property located in the District for the year 1930-31, and such other matters as legally come before said Equalization Board.

CARMEL SANITARY DISTRICT,
Hugh Comstock, President.
H. F. Dickinson, Secretary.
July 14, 1930.

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Picking Up a Few "Strands"

By FRANK SHERIDAN

(Continued from last week.)

Now that I had a stake, did I hurry away from the town I disliked and raved against? I did not; I stayed, for I found the place delightful, the girls charming, and the people in general as warm hearted a collection of humans as I ever met. The benefit performance gave me entree to dramatic clubs in other parts of the state—Springville, Payson and some more small towns.

The Mormons were devoted to the theatre—especially dignified theatre. Salt Lake City for many years was considered by theatrical people the best "show-town" of its size, or anywhere near its size, in the country. To show you the strong hold that superior plays and acting had upon the people: I saw six classical stars there in Shakespeare, Sheridan and Goldsmith plays the year of 1896, all to big successes. The stars were James O'Neil, Louis James, Mme. Reah, Frederick Warde, Thomas Keene and the lady who was destined to be my mother-in-law, Marie Wainwright.

If I'm not mistaken, O'Neil, James, Warde and Keene gave "Hamlet" during their engagements. I know that three did, anyway, and, as I said, to big business.

The Salt Lake Theatre, which is still active, was a joy to play in; an ordinary tone would carry to all parts of the house. Those old Mormons certainly knew a lot about acoustics. That theatre could tell more history of American drama than any theatre in the land today, with the exception of the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia and the Savannah (Georgia) Theatre—now that my dramatic cradle, the Boston Theatre, has been, for three years, no more.

The Mormons started their theatre in 1851, five years after they landed in that valley of alkali and sage brush.

Now that I know the Mormons for what they were, and are, I wonder that some of our western historians haven't grabbed the stories of their different expeditions across the unmapped plains; the sufferings, the daily death toll, the fights with Indians every few score of miles, and the trail they left behind to mark the way for others to follow, a gleaming white line of skeletons—the bones of men, women and children and animals. Later on came the mad rush to California's gold fields—but these Mormons

made no exodus from the fertile mid-West to seek gold—they only sought a place to live where they could worship God their own way unmolested.

They were led by a man whom I consider one of the really great men of our country (and I think twenty-five would embrace my list)—Brigham Young.

To give you an idea of what those people suffered—to obtain what the first amendment to our sacrosanct Constitution granted to all—a prominent citizen of Provo, a Mr. Jones, told me of the second Mormon expedition, of which he was a member, and the hell it went through. They left Independence, Missouri, over seven hundred men, women and children strong. They came out of Emigrant Pass, back of Salt Lake, with but one hundred and seventy humans left; Indians and disease settled for those who didn't finish the march.

I hope, tenderly nurtured lady or gentlemen who reads this, that you will pardon my seeming crudeness in expressing my opinion of those early settlers of Utah when I say those Mormons had "guts"; they could "stand the gaff."

* * *

The two-fifty let me live like a healthy man should for a while and gave me a chance to organize my army for schemes to separate somebody from their money long enough for me to play with it for their benefit and mine.

About this time, Cripple Creek went up in smoke and flame; the town was wiped out and everything there went out of business naturally.

Many old friends drifted into Salt Lake on their way to the Coast, and among them my old chum, Milt Ralston, on his way to deal faro up in Seattle. I sure was glad to have money to spend on that lovely old friend. For three days I dragged him about, playing around at The Mint, "Helen Blazes" and kindred spots. (Yesterday, Fred Bechdolt and I reminisced a lot about the joy to be had in a tour of those places in the old days.)

Ralston and I talked about the exciting and dangerous days in Cripple, and here I slip in an affair that was exciting, and laughable after it was over. It goes back to the first miner's strike in Cripple Creek district.

As I have related in previous installments, Victor was the town the miners were strong in, while the mine owners had headquarters in Cripple. Throughout the labor troubles, the sympathy of the general population was with the miners.

Prior to the beginning of the trouble,

THE CARMELITE, JULY 17, 1930

men carried their guns where they pleased, under cover, or openly in a holster. When it commenced to look like bad times, the marshal of Cripple Creek ordered every man except officers to stop carrying guns—arrest, fine or imprisonment if you didn't. Every one obeyed; at least you couldn't see a gun on anybody.

After the deputies were corralled in the stockade and the troops halted down the valley, I was standing one afternoon in front of "The Turf" on Bennett Avenue in Cripple, talking the situation over with Jack Fredericks, the owner of "The Turf," Milt Ralston, his dealer, "Pink" Gresham, a gambler; Bill DeVere, the "tramp poet" as he was called. Bill was also a mighty good actor and many may remember him as the Editor in Hoyt's "A Black Sheep." That mighty funny man, Otis Harlan, who guided Fred Godwin into a nice job in motion pictures, and who is still playing parts that make us laugh heartily, was the star of "A Black Sheep."

'Twas a nice sunny afternoon, things were quiet in the camp. We four had to think mighty hard to find something interesting to talk about. As a self-appointed Board of Strategy, we had gone over the ground completely and finally decided that anyone of six or seven different methods devised by us was the only way out for both sides in the strike. We had interrupted each other very often to remind ourselves that the dust was thick and bad for the throat if allowed to accumulate, but we always found ourselves outside after each wash-down. During a long pause in our group, I looked up the street to see a man run out from Nolan's bar-room with a gun. He got in the middle of the street, pointed the gun straight up and commenced to pump. At the first shot everyone ran out to see what the row was about, and as soon as they saw, out came their guns and up into the air they shot also. If there was one man shooting, there were a hundred and fifty. Out of our five, Bill DeVere was the only man who didn't carry a gun. Everyone had a lovely time, just as boys do on the Fourth of July. Shooting a gun up into the air was a signal in camp that something had caught afire. It was an outhouse back of Nolan's saloon. Cripple Creek houses in those days were made out of shingles, lathes and muslin; a fire had to be grabbed quick.

We loafed around and laughed at the mob who obeyed the marshal's order about guns—the marshal as hearty as any—when someone shouted, "Look up the train." We looked and there we saw

(Continued on page fifteen)

The Garden

Conducted by Dorothy Q. Bassett
and Anne Nash, of
The Garden Shop

GARDENER'S LUCK

So often we hear someone say, "Oh, I never have any luck with plants. Now my neighbor just sticks anything in the ground and it grows!" Of course, to my mind, those who make this remark are in the same class with the Black Cat, Broken Mirror and Umbrella-in-the-House people. But there's another side to it.

If the Luckless One would take a day off and glance around the Neighbor's flourishing garden, he would see a great deal besides Luck. Good tools, for instance, and a manure pile. Also convenient lengths of hose, spray pumps, insecticides and garden stakes. Not all of these things at once, perhaps, but surely some of them. Moreover, ten to one, Neighbor himself would be there at work. Inside Neighbor's house will be found garden magazines and "Bailey" and seed catalogs by the dozen. And considerable contemplation and planning and study go on there in the evenings, no doubt.

Of course the tools and manure piles take money, and the work and study take time. The more intelligence used with the money and time, the more "Luck" the gardener will have. And it goes without saying that the more he has on hand of any one of these three commodities (money, time, intelligence) the less he will require of the other two.

Anyway, it's not "Luck," whatever that may be. If you don't believe me, ask any gardener. If your garden dries up under your eyes in the summer and your neighbor's doesn't, it's because he knows how to irrigate, and does it. If something he "sticks in the ground" grows, it's because he knows what kind of ground to stick it in and when to stick it. Incidentally, he remembers where he sticks it.

Why not be honest about it? If we don't like golf, we say so. If we have no interest in bridge, or travel, or dog shows, we admit it. But those who are bored by gardens feel bound to deceive the public. (I heard of a delightful exception the other day, a woman who would have no space left for soil in her patio, because she "didn't like flowers." What a unique confession.)

Don't blame "Luck." Whoever or whatever he is, I know he can't possibly be responsible for all the blame that is heaped upon him. And surely he has nothing to do with gardens!

ORDINANCE NO: 106
AN ORDINANCE TO AMEND SECTION 8 OF ORDINANCE NO. 96 OF THE CITY OF CARMEL BY-THE-SEA, ENTITLED, "AN ORDINANCE ESTABLISHING DISTRICTS OR ZONES IN THE CITY OF CARMEL BY-THE-SEA, REGULATING THE USE OF REAL PROPERTY, AND PROHIBITING CERTAIN USES THEREIN, PRESCRIBING BUILDING SET-BACK LINES AND BUILDING AREA REQUIREMENTS, PROVIDING PENALTIES FOR THE VIOLATION HEREOF, AND REPEALING ALL ORDINANCES IN CONFLICT WITH THIS ORDINANCE," AND REPEALING ALL ORDINANCES AND PARTS OF ORDINANCES IN SO FAR AS THEY CONFLICT WITH THIS ORDINANCE.

THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL BY-THE-SEA DO ORDAIN AS FOLLOWS:

Section 1. That Section 8 of Ordinance No. 96 of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, duly adopted by the Council of said City on the 5th day of June, 1929, be amended so as to read as follows:

"Section 8: That buildings and structures may be erected, altered and maintained in said business district designed or intended for use or used for cleaning and dyeing works, automobile gasoline and oil service station, public garages, feed, fuel and wood yards, wholesale food stuffs and spice business, public warehouse for storage of furniture, furnishings and personal property, establishments for making hand made furniture and furnishings having not more than two employees therein, private schools, hospitals and institutions, or for any of such uses; provided, however, that no such use shall be lawful in said business district unless and until the consent in writing of at least two-thirds (2-3) of the record owners of the real property situate within a radius of four hundred (400) feet from the exterior boundaries of the lots or lands sought to be so used shall first be obtained and filed in the office of the City Clerk of said City; and unless and until the public hearing is had upon the application for a permit to so use such property before the City Planning Commission in said City, if there be such, and thereafter a public hearing before the Council of said City and the approval of such application by said Council subsequent thereto.

No such hearing provided for in this section shall be had without notice thereof published at least once in the official newspaper of said City and posted by the City Clerk on or near the Council Chamber door in the City Hall thereof

at least ten (10) days prior to the time fixed by the City Planning Commission and the Council respectively, for any such hearing.

No approval of any such application shall be made or given by the Council except by Ordinance and no such use shall be lawful when approved by such Ordinance until the same is in full force and effect. The provisions herein set forth relating to hearings before the City Planning Commission and notice thereof, shall be dispensed with in the event no such body is in existence in said City.

Section 2. All Ordinances and parts of Ordinances in so far as they conflict with this Ordinance are hereby repealed.

Section 3. This Ordinance is hereby declared to be urgent and necessary for the immediate preservation of the public peace, health and safety and shall be in force forthwith from and after its final passage and approval.

The following is a statement of such urgency:

There is no Ordinance adequately dealing with the subject-matter hereof and in the judgment of said Council, this Ordinance more adequately preserves and safeguards the public peace, health and safety than the provisions relating to the same subject-matter contained in said Ordinance No. 96 of which this is amendatory.

PASSED AND ADOPTED BY THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, this 2nd day of July, 1930, by the following vote:

AYES: COUNCILMEN: Heron, Kellogg, Rockwell, Jordan, Bonham.
NOES: COUNCILMEN: None.
ABSENT: COUNCILMEN: None.
APPROVED: this 2nd day of July, 1930

HERBERT HERON

ATTEST: Mayor of said City.

SAIDEE VAN BROWER
City Clerk.

CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA)
COUNTY OF MONTEREY) ss.
STATE OF CALIFORNIA)

I, the undersigned Clerk of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea and Ex-Officio Clerk of the Council of said City, hereby certify that the foregoing Ordinance No. 106 of said City, is a true and correct copy of ordinance No. 106 of said City, which was introduced and given its first reading at the regular meeting on June 4th, 1930.

Passed and adopted at the regular meeting on July 2nd, 1930 by the following vote:

AYES: Councilmen: Heron, Kellogg, Rockwell, Jordan, Bonham
NOES: Councilmen: None
ABSENT: Councilmen: None

ATTEST: SAIDEE VAN BROWER
(Official Seal) City Clerk

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR,
NUMBER JULY 16
19

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR IS THE SPRING-OFF OF THE REGULAR CARMELITE

JO SCHOENINGER Editor
NORMAN BAYLEY Associate Editor

OUR VIEWS TROUT AT THE RIVER

There is more sport now at the river than ever. Of course, the editors of this page go in swimming there almost every day, but now there is even more to do. Sam and Neil built a boat and they go out in that and catch trout. So now quite a lot of people are fishing as well as swimming. But the editor of this page jumped in the water and felt a whole school of baby trout glide past him. Then I spied a big one right in the middle of the school and I dove for it. Then I came up for air and decided to look some more so I saw him again and chased him towards shore and finally got him cornered. He must have been at least a half-a-foot long. (This is *not* a fish story.) He was just in my reach when he dove and went along the bottom sand where I couldn't see him. I saw him once more but I couldn't get him no matter how hard I tried!

† † † ADVERTISING IN THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

The editors of this page have decided to have some advertising in the Junior. Not much but as much as we can get. So ye merchants of Carmel—we know that many people read the Junior in Carmel and out-side by the subscription and newstands. If people read it and see one advertisement a week in it they will be sure to stop and read it. In that way it is very good advertising. So drop around and arrange it with the editor. We will tourist who leaves paper around, but self. We will try to have about five inches a week and always try to have nice looking ads.

† † † TIN-CAN TOURISTS

Now we find out that it is not only the them. It looks awful. The Editors. some of our local people are leaving trash too. We watched a party at the river. When they were threw eating, sure enough, they left all kinds of trash after them. It looks awful.

The Editors.

HOLLOW TREE TREASURE

Lights flickered low in the small chamber in back of Pedro's little shop.

"Bob, my last day has come. Take these, and now 'good-bye'. Always remember old Pedro."

With that, the old head lay down never to rise again.

There was a map and a note. The note read—"Lighthouse, N. E. 5 ft."

The map showed a lighthouse, with an X five ft. North-East. There seemed to be something worth looking for, hidden there.

The next day Bob went out to the light house with Jim, a friend of his. They measured five feet North-East and began to dig.

After a while, with no results, Jim said, "Did the note say to dig? Possibly we should have done something else."

"Well lets have another look."

They didn't see anything, but Bob had an idea.

"Maybe we didn't measure right."

So again they measured the distance, and this time it came right in the middle of a large tree.

Both boys clambred up and when they reached a fork in the branches they saw a large iron ring half buried in the bark. By the help of the ring they climbed up to a hole, nearly covered with moss and lichen. What they saw dazzeled them! Rubies! diomends! doubloons! pearls! emeralds! pieces-of-eight! sapphires! gold! silver! Treasures for kings, that Pedro had gotten from wrecks in his younger days and had stored up in the hollow tree.

Edith Gaylord

† † †

Editor's note— Mrs. Oliver Gale brought this in. It is writtten by her nephew who lives in Concord. He wrote it as his mother was arriving from Europe.

TRAINS

Trains go to Boston, trains go to Maine, Trains go to Concord, and come back again.

Trains go to Boston, trains go to Illinoise And boats come home with mother, Bringing me a toy.

James Ellis Wellington—Aged eight.

PONEY EXPRESS

It was in the days of the poney express,
When many a man was put to rest.

The gold was carried by a man on a horse,

Who had to fight the indian's force,

The yells made the horses shy,

And the arrows would go wizzing by.

There's was a dangerous game,

But they played it not for any fame.

Thease indians were a savage race,

And hated the sight of a white mans face.

The indians consul lead by Chief Blackhaid,

Declared the intentions of another raid.

The indians started under cover of night To attack the town of Alamite.

A buck skin rider of the Poney Express, Might save the town that was in distress.

I will gallop, he murmured, down the trail,

It's worth many a life if I should fail.

The trail was narrow and very steep, And soon life or death would down it sweep.

He thought his horse was going to drop, But the courageous poney did not stop.

He rode and rode and so did they,

Who would reach there first one could not say.

The leader who had the fastest horse rode ahead of the others on his coarse, When the chief got closer he let an arrow go,

But much to his grief it went too low, The buck skin rider pulled his gun and shot,

The bullet went true to the spot.

The rider was through and the fort was closed,

The indians were left to the mercy of there foe.

N. B.

continuing
CARMELITE JUNIOR

STARTING A BUSINESS

By JO SCHOENINGER

(Continued from last week.)

The idea that Charlie had was this—That this certain Mr. Priestly was no other than the man that had entered his room the last time. He was just as tall and had the same features. At first Charlie thought that it was a man from the opposite store but he changed his mind, because he noticed that he seemed to be in good with all the natives. So Charlie was at a loss to know what to think about him. But he decided that as long as he was good company for him he would let the matter drop until he could find out more about him. But he had no more time to think about it because he had to get dressed. Which he did and went after Mr. Priestly. When he got to his room he found no one however and was about to suspicion him when he was greeted with a hail from the missionary and Charlie saw him busily at work at the store. Charlie joined him and soon they were getting the ridge-pole up and were interrupted by a messenger who said that another shipment was waiting at the big town and as Charlie could not speak their language he told Mr. Priestly to direct the cargo to be delivered at once to the house and that he would pay them here. In the late afternoon the donkeys arrived and the stuff was put in the missionary's house. There was more lumber and all the things that Charlie hoped the natives would buy. Although there was only a few natives around, Mr. Priestly and Charlie thought that they would come from there little huts from all around when they needed food clothing and anything else they needed. Charlie and Mr Priestly had gotten a good start on the house now and they were both enthusiastic. Just as they were preparing to quit for the day, a man appeared and Mr Priestly quickly told Charlie that it was a man from the other store. Charlie saw a middle-aged man who had watery eyes and looked like he had had one drink too many.

He came up and looked for a while and then spoke, "Are you the young man who is to start this store?" Charlie signified that he was and the man continued, "Well, I'm from a store over yonder that sells everything and I wanted to see how your place is coming on." "Well, your welcome to look at anything that might interest you around here," said Charlie and the man went into the shop which was being built

PICKING UP A FEW "STRANDS"

Continued from page twelve.

By permission of the Junior Editor.

pouring down Gold Hill a stream of men—hundreds of them—on horse, on foot, on wagons: with rifles, shotguns and forty-fives. They were coming fast and plenty, they were coming to kill—they were coming down that trail and into the mine owners' town to finish the job they started when they went up the hill at Victor to get the mine owners' deputies. They came meaning business and their business was to make a lot of dead men. They had heard the shooting we had been doing and thinking the expected battle had started came over on the jump to help their friends.

They streamed into town, down Bennett avenue, down Myers avenue—just hoping some one would start something. If it had been a fight that gang of men would have torn Cripple Creek to pieces. Those were hair-trigger days.

and inspected everything. Charlie noted that the stranger seemed especially interested in the Loose boards around and he the treacherous plot that concerned kicked them. Little did Charlie know of those loose boards. After a while the stranger went and the two men went into the house. Charlie was sleeping comfortably when a shout from Mr. Priestly wakened him. He noticed a strong light shining from outside. He quickly donned some clothes and went outside to see the missionary struggling with a man that looked a lot like the man that had visited them in the afternoon. He also noted that—the grass was aflame on the outside of his store.

(Continued next week.)

ALL ABOARD FOR THE FISHING BOAT

Our boat, which was started at manual training was finished about a month and a half ago. It has a sail and out-rigger. We can go where the fish are biting. Sometimes we tip it over and keep the air inside and it makes a swell submarine, which we can use for sneaking up on people and scaring them by grabbing their legs. The out-rigger is broken, but we will fix it pretty soon if it is not used for firewood. We have started another boat. We wont leave this one down at the river because it is too fragil. This summer (what is left of it) we hope to rent our boat. We plan to have the price fifty cents the half hower and fifteen cents extra with the sail. And please rent it at your own risk. You can see us almost every day down at the river. We had to stop building on the new one from lack of funds, but we hope to get enough money from renting the old one to pay for the new boat. We have paid for the old one.

Note:— Please don't throw tin-cans and rubbish on the river bottom, for when we are in swimming it is hard on the feet and it also dirties it.

Neil Weston and Sam Coblentze,
Builders of the boat.

† † †

CONCERNING THE BELOW

Below is an add that we got from the Carmel Dairy, where milkshakes are allways good. It is the first add that we have gotten and we are sure that we are thankull to the Dairy. Some people may get the impression that we are becoming commercialized. That is not true because we thought of having adds and other poeple around the office had nothing to do with it. We write them and help set them. We again express how are thankfull to the Dairy. Some people shakes.

THE PLACE

WHERE THE CARMELITE JUNIOR'S EDITOR'S
FIND RETREAT

15

CT. FOR A BIG MILK SHAKE

MADE FROM PURE ICE CREAM

CARMEL DAIRY

"Milk Shakes that Satisfy."

FOREST THEATER FRIDAY & SATURDAY

July 18

July 19

OVER THE FAIRY LINE

The Children's Play

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY BLANCHE TOLMIE

A FAIRY FANTASY;

FIFTY CHILDREN

GNOMES; FAIRIES;

GOBLINS; ELVES;

IN A

WOODLAND SETTING

ADMISSION

\$1 AND \$1.50

CHILDREN HALF-PRICE

SEATS ON SALE

AT LIAL'S MUSIC SHOP.

EVENINGS PHONE 107-W

PERFORMANCE BEGINS AT

8:15 SHARP

ORIGINAL MUSIC—

FRANCES MONTGOMERY

DANCES BY—

CARMEL SCHOOL OF DANCING